

## Moving On by [vanishingbyler](#)

**Series:** [Wren Phillips \[2\]](#)

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Implied/Referenced Character Death, M/M

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**Characters:** Jonathan Byers, Original Male Character(s)

**Relationships:** Jonathan Byers/Original Male Character(s)

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**Summary:**

Wren travels home to mark the end of one chapter, and the beginning of another.

## Moving On

### Author's Note:

because who am I without angst and tragic backstory

basically Jules and i decided the reason wren's family moved to Hawkins was to recover after the death of his older brother xo

Fields whizzed by, obscured slightly by the water droplets on the window. Wren's eyes flickered in and out of focus, sometimes on the scenery but more often on the rain streaked glass. The sounds of the train made him nervous, the rumbling and groaning of it sounding too familiar, much too similar to the very memory they'd moved to Hawkins to escape.

He was comforted by the feeling of his boyfriend's hand in his. Jonathan was asleep, jetlagged from the flight, but he still made Wren feel safe.

England was greyer than he remembered it. Of course, it wasn't; the sky was as dull and cloudy as it had been, the grass and buildings full of just as much colour as they always had, but something was off.

Maybe it was that, last time he was here, the most important thing in his life had been torn away without warning. Or maybe, all the colour that he'd slowly built back up since the Accident was residing in a small town in Indiana, a world away from dreary Hampshire.

He averted his eyes to the boy beside him, willing himself not to cry. Jonathan looked peaceful. He slept with a small smile on his face, and wisps of hair obscuring his forehead.

Wren pushed them away gently, and placed a soft kiss on the newly revealed skin.

Maybe he imagined it, but Jonathan's smile seemed to grow ever so slightly. Wren's chest felt light, the weight of what he was about to do easing a little at the realisation that he had the most beautiful boyfriend in the world.

*"We are now approaching our final stop. Please ensure you have collected all belongings before exiting the train."*

Wren sighed. He eased his hand out of Jonathan's and shook the older boy awake, feeling guilty for interrupting his nap.

"Hmmpf?" Jon groaned, eyes blinking open sleepily.

"We're here."

Jonathan eyes then snapped open. "Shit. You okay?"

Wren just nodded, and gestured for him to stand. Jonathan reached up to collect their rucksacks from the storage compartment above their seats, and a bouquet of flowers.

Wren eased himself out of the seat, closing his eyes and breathing deeply.

As they exited the carriage, Jonathan handed Wren the bouquet and took his hand again, tighter now. They trudged out of the station and down a hill, Wren dragging his feet just a little.

They neared a set of iron gates that seemed to tower over them, causing Wren to look as small as he felt.

“Are you ready, babe?”

“As I’ll ever be.” Wren sighed in answer.

Jonathan squeezed his hand, and they entered the cemetery.

They moved slowly through the field of graves, the air of death choking them. Wren was acting like he didn’t want to reach his destination.

Eventually, they got to it, and Jonathan could practically hear the breath catch in his boyfriend’s throat.

*Alexander Phillips*

*Beloved son and brother*

*1962-1984*

*Taken too soon.*

Wren’s hand fell to his side, slipping out of Jonathan’s grip. He took a

hesitant step closer to the headstone. It was the only grave in this row of new-ish ones that wasn't covered in waves of flowers and memorial notes. It was bare, empty. Wren couldn't help but think that that was how he felt without his brother.

He crouched to his knees and placed the bouquet, reaching a hand out to rest on the headstone. He placed his forehead against the cold stone and sighed. He mumbled something under his breath that Jonathan couldn't make out.

A few moments of respectful silence later, Wren stood up and walked back over to Jonathan, pulling him straight into a hug. The height difference was perfect for Wren to bury his head in Jon's chest and just breathe. Jonathan's hands protectively stroked his back.

As he pulled away, the drizzle eased up and the grey clouds parted a little to reveal sunlight that doused the two of them.

"I just wish he knew how much I love him."

"He knows." Jonathan reassured, calmly. "And if this weather's anything to go by, he's telling you it's okay to move on."

Wren sniffed. "I love you."

"I love you too."

"I'm ready to go now."

"Are you sure?"

He took one last glance at his brother's final resting place. He could

almost hear Alexander's voice telling him that everything was going to be okay, and he was proud of him.

"Yes. I'm sure."

Jonathan took Wren's hand in his and placed a gentle kiss on his knuckles.

"Then let's go."